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THE BULLETIN.
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MAYSVILLE, JUNE 2, 1864

A TELEGRAM.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Hark! the click of war's insensate,
Jotting wordless words of fate,
Speaking down in hushed measures,
While its eager promoters wait,
Shedding light and lightning shadows,
Stamping mottoes coldly terse,
Listen to one single message,
This—"Come quickly, mother's worse."

Daughter May, fling down thy jewels,
Bride and belle, at revel bright
They will miss, while May in sorrows
Faces home and coming night.
Night, that brings such sad to-morrow
Always to some mourners left,
Night, that may bring no to-morrow
In the land a soul has left.

Harlot, close the opening ledger,
Blot and blur the last amount,
Life that gave yours is flitting
Slowly to its last account.
Gentle George, best beloved,
Leave the toil of brush and pen,
Lay the head with silver snatched,
On your shoulder once again.

Wayward Will, forsake the wassail,
Stop and think as best you may,
Of the love, whose like will never
Meet you till your dying day.
Yet her patient blessing waits you,
You, whose falling others curse,
Let the words bring quick contrition,
Will, "Come quickly, mother's worse."

Children, gather in about her,
So your meeting hands shall clasp,
Grasp her from earth to heaven,
Till her angels bending grasp
At her shining garments trailing
On the path among the stars,
And before the scarlet triumph
Lowered lie the crystal bars.

There is no wire electric yonder
Where the peaceful spirits rest
For coming life, or waiting message
To the soul supremely blest,
But ever still when stars are watching,
Thrilling through a space between,
A mother seems to send her greeting
By a pathway all unseen.

Bend Beneath the Blast.

BY FINELY JOHNSON.

When sorrow's tempest round us roars,
And overwhelm the soul;
O, trust not in worldly pride,
Or seek the trembling bow;
But with a firm and trusting heart,
Bend low beneath the blast;
And he above who chasteneth thee
Will raise thee when his past.

The lofty oak, the mountain pine,
So stately in their pride,
Must bend or break before the storm,
That on the right winds ride;
While the meek willow, lowly stoops
Before the raging blast,
And lifts its head in beauty dressed,
When storms and clouds are past.

So thou, O man, must lowly bend,
—When sorrows round thee press;
They may be angels in disguise
To lead to happiness;
O, trust to him who rules above,
And bend beneath the blast,
And he will raise thy drooping soul
When storms of life are past.

Riches are no evidence of personal worth,
The Colchian ram had a fleece of gold, but
he was probably very mean mutton.

Hope is always liberal, and they that
trust her promises make little scruple
of revealing to-day on the profits of to-morrow.

It is better to reconcile an enemy than to
conquer him.

A good question for a debating society—
Which is the most delightful operation—
To kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or
dark woman on a fair night?

A red nosed gentleman asked a wit
whether he believed in spirits? "Ay sir,"
replied he, looking him fair in the face, "I
see too much evidence before me to doubt
it."

GIRLS SAFEST WHEN NOSEY.—The women
of Poland have a watchful eye over
their daughters, and make them wear little
bells on their persons, to denote where they
are and what they are about.

The Government may tax our matches,
but we challenge the world to match our
taxes.

NEW-ENGLAND GENERALS.—The Albany
Argus says:

New-England has given to the war
that lacerates Poland, the most despotic and
General, N. A. D., the coarsest and repugnant
Butler, and the sleek and corrupt
Banks.

The Armies of the Ancients.

The annexed succinct account of the vast
armies which the ancients brought into the
field, will be perused with interest. No
army of modern times can at all compare
with them, except that with which Napo-
leon the First invaded Russia, and that
numbered 600,000 men only. The army of
the United States is, however, now so vast
as to make those statements, which formerly
appeared exaggerated,—plausible and
feasible. When we know that a rail splitter
commands one million two hundred thousand
men and we can easily believe that a Prus-
sian monarch commanded two millions.

Sennacherib, the Bible tells us, lost, in a
single night, 185,000 men by the destroying
angel.

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates,
and could send out at each gate 10,000
fighting men 200 chariots, in all 1,000,000
men and 20,000 chariots.

The army of Terah King of Bhopia,
consisted of 1,000,000 men and 3,000 chariots
of war.

Sesostris King of Egypt, led against his
enemies 600,000 men 24,000 cavalry, and
27,000 scythe-armed chariots.

Hamileer went from Carthage and landed
near Palermo. He had a fleet of 200 ships
and 3,000 small vessels, and a land force of
300,000 men. At the battle in which he
was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

Ninus, the Assyrian King, led against the
Bactrians his army 1,700,000 foot, 200,000
horse, and 16,000 chariots armed with
scythes.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in
building the mighty Babylon. She took
100,000 Indians prisoners at the Indus, and
sunk 1,000 boats.

A short time after the taking of Babylon
the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000
foot, 120,000 horse, and 2,000 chariots armed
with scythes.

An army of Cambyses 60,000 strong, was
hurled up in the desert sands of Africa, by
a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylae his
land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610
exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sut-
lers, &c.; numbering in all 3,283,220.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the bat-
tle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000.

On the fatal field of Issus there fell 10-
000 horsemen and 100,000 foot soldiers.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus,
100,000 perished; in various ways.

The army of Tamerlane is said to have
amounted to 1,800,000; and that of his an-
tagonist, Bajazet, to 1,400,000.

MORALS AT WASHINGTON.—It is a sad
and shocking picture of life in Washington
which our correspondents are giving us.

A bureau of the Treasury Department
made a house of seduction and prostitution.
The necessities of poor and pretty women
made the means of their debauchery by
high government officials. Members of
Congress putting their mistresses into clerk-
ships in the departments. An honorable
Senator knocked down in the street by a
woman he had outraged. Whisky drink-
ing ad libitum. The government cheated in
contracts and openly robbed by its employ-
ees. Writes our most careful correspondent
—a long resident of the Capital. Wash-
ington was never quite so villainously cor-
rupt as at the present time. In the palmy
days of Southern rule, of slavery, there was
not half the corruption there is now. We
do not doubt this is strictly true; and we
rejoice, it is a sad and shocking picture.—
Springfield (Mass) Republican.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—What spectacle more
pleasing does the world afford than a happy
woman contented in her sphere, ready at all
times to benefit her little world by her ex-
ertions, and transforming briars and thorns
of life into roses of Paradise by the magic
of her touch? There are those who are
thus happy because they cannot help it—
no misfortune dampen their sweet smiles,
and they diffuse a cheerful glow around
them as they pursue the even tenor of their
way. They have the secret of contentment,
whose value is above the philosopher's
stone; for without seeking the base ex-
change of gold, which may buy some sort
of pleasure, they convert everything they
touch into joy. What their condition is it
makes no difference. They may be rich or
poor, high or low, admitted or forsaken by
the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain
of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and
makes them radiantly beautiful. Though
they live in a log cabin, they make it shine
with a lustre which Kings and Queens may
covet, and they make wealth a fountain of
blessings to the children of poverty. Happy
women are the highest type of humanity,
and we cannot say how much we owe to
them for the progress of the race. Would
there were enough to go around!

It may perhaps be thought difficult to
decide which is the most destructive—the
mortal on the battle field or the mortal in
the drug store.

A contestant for the 1st Congressional
seat from Missouri says: If the city of
Washington had been standing by the side
of Sodom in the time of Lot, its superior
iniquity would have saved Sodom.

Gently the deus are o'er me stealing,
as the men said when he had five bills pre-
sented to him at one time.

In St. Louis, recently, a man and his
wife were engaged in arranging for a separa-
tion. The principal difficulty was the baby,
which the woman tearfully begged to be
allowed to keep, while the man angrily re-
fused. At length the wife almost threw
the child into the husband's arms, and ex-
claimed: "Take it; I can save another!"

Two Lower in Lowell, returning from
court the other day, one said to the other:
"I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. —'s
church; been debating the matter for some
time. What do you think of it?"
"Wouldn't do it," "Well, why?" "Be-
cause, it would do you no possible good,
while it would be a very great injury to
the church."

Reading is among the greatest consolations
of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the
upholder in adversity; the prop of inde-
pendence; the support of just pride; the
strengthening of elevated opinion; it is a
shield against the tyranny of petty passions
—it is the repeller of the fool's scoffs and
the knave's passion.

Seventeen western papers support Frem-
ont for the Presidency. Twelve of them
are German, one is French and one is Bo-
hemian.

National Expenses Eight Years Ago.

One of our subscribers sends us the follow-
ing, clipped from the New York Ledger of
July 19, 1856, which is curious, when con-
trasted with the expense account of the
present day. Mr. Bonner expressed alarm
when he footed up the expenses of the gov-
ernment under Mr. Pierce and emphasized
his alarm with platoon exclamation
points, as is seen in the extract referred to:
The expenses of the government of the
United States, under the present adminis-
tration, are as follows:

\$75,686,400 a year!
6,307,200 a month!
1,452,920 a week!
207,560 a day!!!!
8,600 an hour!!!!!!
144 a minute!!!!!!!
2.40 a second!!!!!!!

Two dollars and forty cents at every tick
of the clock! That will do for Young
America. But where does the money go?
For what is it applied? Under Mr. Polk's
administration, during the Mexican war,
when we had a hundred thousand men un-
der arms, and large armies and numerous
garrisons in Mexico, the annual expenses
of the government were little over forty-four
million a year.

Look on this picture. The expenses of
the government of the United States under
Mr. Lincoln's administration are as follows:

\$1,000,000,000 a year!
83,333,333 a month!
20,833,333 a week!!!!
3,000,000 a day!!!!!!
125,000 an hour!!!!!!
2,083 a minute!!!!!!!
35 a second!!!!!!!

Thirty-five dollars at every tick of the
clock! There is no use of asking where the
money goes, for what it is applied.—
Some of it is used for making warlike im-
plements, vessels, and missiles,—millions of
it to enrich contractors and office-holders,—
all of it worse than wasted. Mr. Bonner
offered to take the government and carry it
on for fifty millions of dollars a year, and
also furnish each man, woman, and child
with a copy of his paper as a free gift.—
Would he like to renew his offer now?—
[Bridgeport Farmer.]

THE BONES OF BATTLEFIELDS.—If there
are sermons in stones, books in running
brooks, the bones of battlefields also dis-
cuss with an eloquence of their own.—
Homilies have been often enough preached
on the horrid glories of war and many a
moral is yet to be embellished with later
instances of that wholesale human sacri-
fice, historically and popularly known as a
great battle. Nevertheless war will con-
tinue to redden the green fields of earth
and write its crimson endorsement across
the charters of nations, as long as peace is
not in the hearts of men, and might is
made, in the final argument of every suc-
cessful controversy, the only measure and cir-
cumstance of right. If the future had a ton-
gue as sincere and truthful as that of the
past, many an illusion of hope might be
corrected, many a dream of ambition dis-
solved, many a proud and fanciful presump-
tion checked and humbled, before they
invoked battle and slaughter to plead their
cause. But the voice of the future is only
the echo of human passions. The dead
past is left to bury its dead, and record
history for its deed. It may tell us that the
calamities of war are not necessary, that
the glories of war are hideous and infernal
mockeries unless they illustrate the triumph
of justice and beneficence over malignity
and wrong. And yet, hereafter, as hereto-
fore, men will doubtless be seen marching
by thousands to their graves as to their beds,
exalted by the pride, pomp and circum-
stances of glorious war, and travelers will
moralize over battlefields yet to be fought,
and the bones of whose heroes may be col-
lected by some enterprising agriculturist to
manure turnips and cabbages, as has already
been done in other instances, one of which
is thus mentioned in an old English paper:

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN BONES.—A ship laden
with bones from Hamburg, arrived at
Lissimouth, on the 25th of October, the
property of an agriculturist of Morayshire,
and intended for manure. The master of
the vessel states that the bones were col-
lected and are part of the remains of the thousands
of the brave men who fell in the sanguinary
battles fought between France and the al-
lies in October, 1813. What a commentary
is this upon military glory! and how true
is the exclamation of the poet, "To what
base uses we may return, Horatio!"—
English paper, 1828.

A Poor Opinion.
"Brick" Pomeroy of the La Crosse Dem-
ocrat, has a poor opinion, as every body
has, of the Loyal Leaguers, etc. "Brick"
says:

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"I rather be a 'Copperhead'—
Or dead Tom Cat in some wood-shed,

than an Abolitionist or Loyal Leaguer, too
big a fool to keep his mouth shut—too lazy
to earn an honest living, and too cowardly
to take a gun and go to war in defense
of the principles so dear to everybody? If so,
let him speak out.

Our currency is like some fat men we
know of—too great in quantity too poor in
quality.

WELL TO KNOW IT.—Chickens kept in an
orchard will eat all the worms from the
trees. Old orchards that have been a al-
most profitless on account of worms, have
been entirely restored in two years, merely
by the protection of a few hens.

Reading is among the greatest consolations
of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the
upholder in adversity; the prop of inde-
pendence; the support of just pride; the
strengthening of elevated opinion; it is a
shield against the tyranny of petty passions
—it is the repeller of the fool's scoffs and
the knave's passion.

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ont for the Presidency. Twelve of them
are German, one is French and one is Bo-
hemian.

A Military Necessity.

A HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—When peace
with all its real and substantial benefits,
smiles beneficently upon the people, there
nothing is heard of that plea of all tyrants
since the world began, "military necessity."
But if designing and ambitious men influ-
enced perhaps by foreign jealousy and in-
nate ambition, after an effort of years, suc-
ceed finally in disturbing the peaceful rela-
tions of their country, and bring trouble and
distress upon the people, then be on your
guard against their insidious wiles. They
will tell of your wily foe; of his courage, his
strength his numbers. They will plot for
your enemies to be defeated, and your trea-
sure wasted, your young men to be destroy-
ed, and the whole people to be dissatisfied
with their dreadful situation and gloomy
prospects, and then they will tell you that
"military necessity" dictates the surrender of
the right of self government in order to de-
feat the foe. The old fable of the horse is
quite appropos as an illustration.

Æsop tells us that the horse, finding the
other beasts of the field unwilling to ac-
knowledge him as their sovereign, applied
to man for assistance in subduing his foes.
Man immediately consented and proceeded to
put the saddle upon his back.

"Halloa!" cried the horse, "what is that
for?"

"Oh, it will be necessary for me to get on
your back, and have the full control of you
for a time, if I am to assist you," answered
the man.

The next step was to put the bit into the
horse's mouth, to guide him right. Man
took a whip in his hand, fastened a pair of
sharp spurs on his heels, and mounted.—
The horse did not like the spurs, and ob-
jected, but he was told that it was all for
his own good, and they would be used sim-
ply when he did not pursue his enemy fast
enough. When mounted, and the horse
about to start on his career of conquest, a
wise serpent addressed him as follows:

"You fool why have you given up your
liberty thus? You were free, and now you
have placed a master upon your back, and
he will make you do whatever he pleases.
Why submit to such despotism?"

"Oh, you do not understand," replied the
horse; "I place this power in his hands only
for a time, that I may conquer my enemies;
when that is done I can just throw him off."

The serpent replied: "Never! you have
surrendered your liberty; and he has obtain-
ed a seat upon your back, you have sub-
mitted to be saddled, bridled, and bridled,
and so you will continue forever hereafter."

The horse laughed, and the man cried out
and plunged his spurs into the sides of the
horse.—

"Don't listen to him, he's only a Copper-
head!"

Just as it is now with the Abolition Ad-
ministration. The saddle, the bridle, the
whip, the spurs, are all ready. The peo-
ple, apparently, stand quiet and are ready
to be mounted, whipped and spurred. Do
not be deceived, "military necessity" will
fasten upon you an incubus of debt and
taxation; military straps will eat your sub-
stance and destroy your children, and finally
with a large standing army of a different
face (negroes) they will enslave you. Take
warning in time.

How many times has the back-bone of
the rebellion been broken? How many
times has the South been starved out? How
many times has the rebellion been on the
point of giving up on exhaustion? O, so
many times! Almost as many as months
have elapsed since we began the business of
subjugating. And yet we are still every-
where confronted with armies which we
dare not march upon—with armies which,
to tell the truth, we are awfully afraid will
march upon us. Then the rebellion seems
to be like that Titan who, every time he
was thrown to the earth, regained a new
strength. We have found it so; and we
shall find it so even to the end. Eight mil-
lions of people whom you compel to fight
for their alters and their homes—for their
property and their lives, are Titans—they
are never exhausted; never give up.—The
end will be that we shall give out, and give
up first; just as England, after having vainly
hurled the might of the most powerful na-
tion on earth against the Titanic will of
these feeble and despised colonies, gave up
in shame and despair at last. We are fool-
ishly acting that piece of history over again,
with the exception that we, in the North,
play the part of England this time. And
England laughs at our folly, for she well
knows the road we are traveling.—Old
Guard.

In a town in New Hampshire lived old
farmer P., who was very deaf. On his farm
near the road stood a very large tree and
thirty feet from the ground on this tree was
a large knot. As father P. was passing one
day he thought he would cut it down to
make a mill post of it. He had been at
work some time, when he thought some
stranger would come along and ask him the
following questions, and he would make the
following answers:

"What is that tree for?" asks the stranger.
"A mill post," replies the farmer.
"How long are you going to cut it?"
"Up to that knot."

"How much do you ask for it?"
"Five dollars."
"I won't give it."
"Well, if you don't somebody else will."
As old farmer P. was working away, some
stranger did come along and the follow-
ing dialogue ensued:

"Good morning sir," said the stranger.
"A mill post," replied the farmer.
"How far is it down to the corner?"
"Up to that knot."

"You don't understand me; how far is it
to the corner?"
"Five dollars."
"You old scamp! I have good mind to give
you a whipping!"
"Well, if you don't somebody else will."

Affairs in the Treasury Department at
Washington are said to be chaotic but not
virtuous.

Neal Dow is able to walk about now and
take his cocktail in the morning regularly.

WENDELL PHILLIPS made a speech in New York last week, at a convention of Abolitionists and Free Lovers, in which he took grounds for a speedy peace, for ending the war immediately, because to continue it he asserted, would bring ruin and an end of white men's liberties. He asserted there was no other such despotism than we now have here this side the wall of China. He endorsed the peace platform, deprecated the war, seeing in it the seeds of debt, military despotism, and ruin. He asserted that the great question between the North and South could never be settled by war or bat- tles, but by statesmen, and intimated that we have not yet in office men competent for that task, and hence he goes in for turning them all out and putting in power men of honest integrity and ability who can and will settle our national troubles.

Old Abe went like that sort of talk, coming as it does from one of his petted friends. Indeed, Phillips seems to be coming waked up to a true sense of our ruined condition, and is becoming alarmed. He even admitted this nation has greater and higher interests than mere abolition of slavery. Well done, Phillips! Would that the people universally could only realize this fact. If they would, and act upon the principle, the present miscegen party would soon be hurled from power.

THE FEMALE CLERK SYSTEM.—The Wash- ington correspondent of the New York News thus writes:

"The war news absorbs everything else, and it is unfortunate for at least one person that it does; I mean Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury. The investigations of the Congressional committee into the affairs of the treasury department, if they do not find any kinds of leaks in the financial affairs, will certainly develop a great leak in the moral affairs of the concern. The lady clerk employees will certainly bring Mr. Chase to grief. I understand the committee have brought to light one of the most stupendous and infamous systems of immoral conduct, to say the least, ever known in public affairs. Congressmen, gray-headed officials, government contractors, are all brought to the surface, and corruption, venal, vile, damning corruption, stares us stark in the face.

There are upwards of eight hundred young women employed in the different departments. They are frequently brought to their work in carriages, driven or occu- pied by prominent men, others are escorted by congressmen and others. They go, as they say, as they say, to the rooms during working hours only goes to establish the opinion originated by external move- ments. It is no uncommon thing to see these female clerks, who are taken in of semi-charity, wearing costly jeweled—diamond breastpins, ear-drops and rings.— Fancy for a moment a female getting a salary of \$500 per annum wearing \$450 of jewels, as has been and is the fact in Mr. Chase's department.

I only wish the congressional committee would hurry up and make public their de- velopments, and I will venture an opinion if there is an honest, moral man in con- gress, there will be several resolutions offer- ed to expel some of the debauchees that now disgrace that body. It is enough to make the blood of any man chill, to think in the midst of a devastating war for the nation's very life, our cabinet ministers, our legislators and government officials have their garments stained with one of the foul- est sins prohibited in the Decalogue."

What a poor administration we have got at Washington. It is the favorite adminis- tration of the Rev. clergymen of the land.

From the Louisville Democrat.
Enlistment of Slaves in Kentucky.
LEBANON, KY., May 17, 1864.

To the Editor of the Louisville Democrat:
Our Provost Marshal Captain Fidler, an- nounced to our citizens yesterday that he had received official instructions to enlist all slaves that might offer, with or without the consent of their masters.

I examined your paper of the 15th and the Journal of the 16th, and could find no official order communicating such intelli- gence to the public.

Yesterday the draft commenced in this district. The counties of Shelby, Hardin, Bullitt and Meade were drawn—negroes and whites alike. After the drawing for the day was over the "pots were opened" and twenty-five slaves were enlisted. This morning the streets of our town are thronged with negroes from the country, and the number of slaves enlisted to-day will be large.

Is this by authority? The public are anxious to learn. If continued, the cul- tivation of all of the large and many of the smaller farms must be abandoned for want of laborers. What information can you give us?

The Governor calls for ten thousand six months' men to finish the war and save our Government!! How many men, think you, will enlist in Kentucky under this state of things? Will the men who are thus robbed of their property be anxious to preserve this Government?

P. S.—Was there an arrangement between our Governor and the President that slaves should only be enlisted with the consent of their masters?

OUTRAGES BY NEGROES.—The late massa- cre of negro soldiers near Vicksburg is now said not to have been a rebel outrage, but quite otherwise. The negroes went to a hotel occupied solely by white women and children with their servants, committed the grossest possible outrages on the women, and then burned the house. An Indiana regiment heard of the affair, attacked and killed the negroes. Negroes were concern- ed in the shocking affair.

Admiral Porter said in a late report: "The negro troops have been committing many near Vicksburg have been committing many outrages." Is it any wonder that the bra- vouries?

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